Keep within compaſſe
DICK *and* ROBIN:
There is no harme in all this.

OR,

A merry Dialogue between two or three merry Coblers, with divers Songs full of Mirth and Newes, which may very fitly bee applyed to theſe times.

By *Tho. Herbert.*

LONDON,
Printed for *Thomas Lambert*, and are to be ſold at his ſhop in Smithfield, over againſt Hoſier Lane at the ſigne of the Bunch of Grapes.
1641.

A Dialogue between *Dick* and *Robin:* *O R,* Two merry country Coblers.

Dick.

Well met honeſt Robin, I am glad that it is my fortune once more to meete with thee before thou art hang'd.

Rob. Why thou whorſon Raſcall doſt thou thinke ever I make account to be hang'd?

Dick. If thou beeſt not, I dare to bee hang'd for thee, if ever thy wife bee pleas'd.

Rob. When my wife is pleas'd I thinke in my conſcience the world will bee at an end: 'ſfoot I have ſuch a wife as I thinke the devill hath not ſuch another in his dominion.

Dick. Why, what aſles her?

Rob. Prethee Dick tell me, waſt thou ever in London?

Dick. Yes that I have, what then?

Rob. And didſt thou ever heare a thing call'd Bow-bell ring there?

Dick. Yes that I have by a good token, I once walking in Cheap-ſide to buy three yards of blacke puddings, the Bell made ſuch a humming in my eares, as if a thouſand Tinkers had beene at worke there.

Rob. But didſt thou ſirrah Dick here my Wife: when her tongue is upon the pinne of ſcolding, (which is almoſt at all times) thou wouldſt thinke that thou wert a hunting with the Devills Beagles, which were ſcenting after a Citie Pettifogging Lawyer.

Dick. Is ſhee ſo well verſt then in the art of ſcolding?

Rob. I dare paſſe my eares that Ovid had never better skil in his de Arte Amandi.

Dick. Thou ſpeakſt Latin Robin.

Rob. A fooliſh ſentence which I have heard often repeated, which they ſay in our vulgar Tranſlation, is the Art of Love.

Dick.

Dick. I, but is ſcolding her worſt fault?

Rob. No, hang her: I caught her not long ſince lying chick by chonle with a Sattin Doublet.

Dick. Thou art in ieſt art thou not?

Rob. I cannot tel whether I am in ieſt or no; but I am ſure I found her making me a Cuckold in good earneſt. Nay, and Ile tell thee what a tricke ſhee ſerved mee too: I like a good honeſt man, going to make a diſſimative betwixt her and the Sattin doublet, ſhee like a whore as ſhee was, very orderly, leapes out of her bed, and without any mercie at all, ſnatches up a good handſome Crab-ſticke, and belaboured my iacket very handſomely, and when ſhee had done, ſhee went to bed againe unto her Sattin doublet, to whom ſhee lay very cloſely.

Dick. And what didſt thou doe all the while?

Rob. Faith Ile tell thee, when I ſaw there was no remedy, very faire and honeſtly I lighted them with a Candle, for feare leaſt betwixt them they ſhould make my hornes grow crooked.

Dick. Faith, thou hadſt very hard fortune to meet with her.

Rob. Puſh, Ile tell thee more yet, when we were married firſt, if I had given her the leaſt occaſion which could bee, ſhe would have been up very early in a morning, when her neighbours did thinke like a good huſwife ſhee had beene up beating of her Bucks, ſhe very couragiouſly was bumbaſting of my poore Carkaſſe.

Dick. Can ſhe fight ſo well?

Rob. Faith for a little while I durſt have turn'd her looſe to the ſtrongeſt devill in hell for about or two.

Dick. And is ſhee as bad ſtill?

Rob. No, no, (God be thanked) the world's well amended now.

Dick. How didſt thou doe to tame her?

Rob. Ile tell you; at length being reſolutely bent with all the might and power I had, I tide her up to racke and manger, where I kept her ſo long faſting, untill ſhee ſwore never to ſcold, or lift up her hand againſt mee any more.

Dick. And hath ſhee beene as good as her word.

Rob. Let her breake it when ſhee pleaſes, I know the way how to feed her againe with the ſame ſauce.

Dick.

Dick. But leaving of this discourse concerning thy wife: canst thou tell mee any newes from abroad?

Rob. Faith Robin I can tell thee none, but can sing some.

Dick. Prethee doe: but bee sure thou keepe thy tongue within compasse.

Rob. Let me alone for that: wherefore open your eares.

Song.

Some say at *London* there is newes.
That great men transport over shooes,
(For which I'me sure the Countrey rues)
By whole sale.
Some say that Tradesmen are growne sad,
Because of late they were so mad,
To lose the thing which once they had,
True dealing.
And I doe also understand,
That Patentees must out of hand,
Bee banisht from our English land
For nimming.

Dick. Art thou sure Robbin that there is no harme in all this, art thou not out of compasse

Rob.

Rob. As ſure as I take this Can and drinke to thee: I am ſure there is no harme in all this.

Dick. Then prethee lets have the ſecond part to the ſame tune,

Rob. A Bore I heare of late was caught,
For eating meate and leaving draffe,
He muſt be better manners taught
By cutting.
Some ſaid in *England* was the Pope,
But I did ever better hope,
He ſhould be firſt choakt in a rope,
You know where.

Dick. I drinke to thee Robin, I am ſure there hath beene no harme in all this.

Rob. More newes I have you yet to tell,
Wherefore I pray you marke it well,
Ile ſhew you what lately befell
To *Robin*:
He went ſo much upon the ſcore,
That he could truſted be no more,
Wherefore he ranne out of the doore
Moſt ſwiftly.
From whence he went away to Sea,
Sure he was bitten with a Flea,
For he could not but pitty plea,
For cheating.

The

The Hoſteſſe when her gueſt was gone,
Did wring her hands, and make great meane,
And many times did fetch a groan
For *Robin*.
O *Robin* thou art gone, quoth ſhe,
And plaid the knave thou haſt with me:
O that I were but now with thee
A ſcolding.
Then rapt ſhe out an oath and ſwore,
That ſhee her purſe would lend no more
To ſuch as would runne on the ſcore,
And cheat her.

Dick. Why but Robin is thy names-ſake runne away?

Rob. Yes faith Dick that he is, and it is reported, that he fled as ſwift as if hee had beene carryed in a Swallowes belly.

Dick. Is't poſſible? Ile tell thee (Robin) hee was as faire a ſpeecht fellow as one ſhould habe heard ſpeake in a Sommers day.

Rob. Ile warrant thee hee owed more ſcores than one: or elſe I know that hee had ſuch friends as would not habe ſuffered him to runne away for ſo ſmall a trifle as that was.

Dick.

Dick. It may be so indeed: yet Robin, thou hast kept within compasse, upon which I drink to thee, that thou maist whet thy whistle: I am sure that there is no harme in all this.

Rob. Prethee Dick tell me why thou art so cautious of being harmfull?

Dick. So soone as thy song is ended, Ile tell thee,

More newes I have yet to relate,
Tis not concerning any State,
But of a Knave and a make bate,
Cald cut-throat.
His purse is full, and he doth wrong;
Alas! he hath lived too long:
But now he is in prison strong,
As some say.
He set his neigbours by the eares,
And put them in a thousand feares,
His poore wife she shed brinish teares,
For him knave.
He ruled them like as a Lord,
And bound them with a threefold cord,
And all upon his owne accord,
Most basely.
But now he singeth in a Cage,
A way to coole his fiery rage,
And some say he must tread a stage,
Cald Gallowes.

Dick.

Dick. This was a hundred to one (Robin) Rich, cut-throat of our parish.

Rob. The very same.

Dick. 'Sloot, I knew him very well, hee was Constable once was he not?

Rob. Yes that he was.

Dick. Hee was a devilish domineering fellow: but a poxe on him, I have reason to remember him, through woefull experience.

Rob. Why did hee ever doe thee any hurt?

Dick. Yes; when hee was Constable hee made me sit for three whole houres together with my leg in a Pidgeon hole: looke if the very print of the Stocks be not here still. Well but if the Rope and he be marryed together, as I live, Ile not mend a shooe, or boot, but will make holiday on purpose to dance at his wedding.

Rob. So will many a good fellow more besides thy self: Ile tell thee, our whole Corporation of Coblers are resolved that day not to plucke a stitch.

Dick. Hast thou any more newes to sing, I am sure there hath beene no harme in all this?

Rob. A little more, and then I conclude.

Dick. Lets have it.

Rob.

Roby. As I was walking I did meet
Poore *John* the Plough-man on his feet,
And as he went he did mee greet
Most kindly.
I askt him whither he did goe
So fast along? he full of woe,
Did say against a bended bow
To *London*.
He went to sue for his owne right,
For which he wronged was by might,
And forced for to take his flight
From his owne.
And now he sayd was his intent
To goe unto the Parliament,
To see if that he could prefent
His wronges.

Dick. Faith he was the wiser for that, for as I heard the poore man wronged is sure to be righted there.

Rob. Then by my consent al *England* should goe thither.

Dick. Nay but keepe within compasse, least harme be found in that.

Rob. You are still so cautious: I pray make my song is ended, shew your reason for it.

Dick. I will because I heare many brute fellowes talke about that which nothing concernes them: as that such a Lord hath done more

more than hee can answer, and such a one is committed, and such a one, whilst the Pillory tels him a tale, hee must lend an eare to it: what have such poore shrubs as thou and I to doe with such matters, let every Tub stand upon his owne bottome; then may wee talke and spare not, and yet keepe within compasse.

Rob. Thou saist very true.

Dick. Now I have shewed you my reason, let us drinke the other pot, and sing thou the other song, and so we will bequeath our selves to our quiet rest.

Rob. Listen to me then.

You that in quiet meane to sleepe,
Be sure your tongues yee silent keep,
For danger in a hole will creep,
By babling.
Meddle not with state affaires,
Nor those which sit in great mens chaires,
Least that you chance to lose your eares
For lying.
If we bee merry sing a song,
Sweet and merry, not too long,
Drinke up your liquor good and strong
In silence.

So

So ſhall you ſing and ſleep ſecure,
So ſhall your mirth daily endure;
My counſell for to take be ſure,
Good fellowes.
And ſo I bid you all good night:
If that my newes it have beene ſlight;
Ile tell you better when tis light,
And Sun-ſhine.

FINIS.